## MARBLE HILL PRISS.

J. C. PINNEY, PUBLISHER MARBLE TILL - - MISSOURI

THAT New Hampshire farmer who permitted two eastern highwaymen to rob him of \$9,000 is respectfully reminded that a few of those desirable western mortgages are still to be had.

THE Niagara whirlpool may turn out to be simply a slightly turbulent millrace. A young man with a cork jacket went through it unscathed. Who will be the first to shoot the falls in a

Horse-TRIEVES are dealt with leniently in Woodbury, N. J. The two who recently took Rev. Samuel Hudson's team out of the stable got off with thirty-day sentences for disorderly conduct.

At the Vanderbilt "barn party" in Newport not long ago, a polo pony was introduced in the Virginia reel. This might suggest the introduction of a mustang in munny-musk, or a pig-in-apoke in the polka.

An Ohio man has written Jay Gould a begging letter every day for the last 450 days, and in his last he announced that he had purchased \$10 worth of stationery and calculated to keep turning the crank until he got some re-

In this country the English sparrow is increasing by millions every year while the American eagle has become almost extinct. How long will it be before the former is recognized as the national bird? These be degenerate

JOHN CARDWILLER, an Iowa welldigger, claims to have found at the bottom of one of his diggings a piece of rock on which the stars and stripes are distinctly formed. It is not reported whether or not the finder has counted the stars.

None of the electricians who gravely doubt that an electric current, no matter how strong, will kill a man, have gone out and taken hold of a live wire carrying a current of 1,000 volts to back their doubts. Talk is not only cheap, but reasonably safe.

THE editor of a weekly paper in Germany poked fun at Bismarck for having knuckled down to the United States in the Samoan affair, and now the editor sits in jail on a year's sentence and wonders if there is not such a thing as being altogether too funny for anything.

For years a Springfield, Mass., horse suffered from a sore shoulder. A veterinary surgeon made a close examination of the shoulder and found a 25-cent silver piece deeply imbedded in the flesh. How the coin got there is a mystery. No driver ever suspected that the horse was carrying three bits.

A Troy shirt man predicts that in less than ten years there will be a general return to the old-fashioned shirt which buttoned in front, and from which at least one button was missing after every wash. If that were assured the average man would lay in a large stock of shirts of the present style at

THE bishop of Marseilles has issued a formal protest against the circular issued by the French minister of justice, in which the minister reminded the clergy that they are prohibited by law from taking part in elections. The bishop affirms the rights of priests to intervene in elections and other politi-

THE average white man who lives to be 70 years old has spent over a year of his life in shaving and two months on top of that in getting his hair cut. This is where the Indian is a long ways ahend. He hasn't any whiskers, and they say he lets the coyotes chaw his hair off when it gets down to his tomahawk handle.

THEODORE KAMENSKY, the talented Russian sculptor, has become an instructor in the American art school at New York. He came to America because he thought his art would flourish more readily in the political atmosphere of a republic. Russia is not a land in which the lowly are encouraged to hopeful effort.

WHEN Stone, of the New England Ax Company, turned out to be an embezzler and an absconder, the president of the company exclaimed: "Why, he has been with us for thirty years and has always been honest." Thirty years of honesty is no proof in this day and age. Even an Ohio man 92 years of age is under arrest for his first steal.

An admirable benefit organization has come into existence among teachers in Boston, providing against the impecunious or laborious old age too often unavoidable in that hard-worked and ill-paid calling. The plan involves the payment of an entrance fee of \$3 and small annual assessments varying according to the salary received.

THE price of a swear word has been officially fixed in Chambersburg, Pa. A pugilist swore eighty-five oaths hand running, and he was fined sixtyseven cents for each of those profane exclamations. This is rather a low price for an oath when it is rememed that some of the dams which ke away last spring cost thousands

Is the preponderance of expension goes for anything, wheat will show a rising tendency until the next error is made. Here and there a control is made.

## FOR THE LADIES.

What the Duchess Would Be Were She a Man.

Fun in a Boarding School—How to Tell Well-Bred Girl-Cracked Lips Etc.

Listen to Your Wife.

You may say that girls are silly.
That even women's minds are weak;
But the foolishest among 'em's
Sure sometimes to show a strak
of sound common sense when needed.
And their wis are like a kuile
When they're sharpened up by Love, so,
Just you listen to your wife!

Women know by intuition, (As philosophers admit), hat you'd dig your brains a lifetime For, and then most likely quit A loser. Tho', my brothers.
With your raileries you're rife,
Not a one of you'll regret it
If he listens to his wife.

"From the mouths of babes and sucklings-But you know what says the Book,
Or you ought to—and a woman
Can do something besides rook;
And that man he is a fool, who,
In this middled mindane strife.
Thinks that he's too high and mighty
E'er to beten to his wife.

E'er to listen to his wife You can't always measure wisde Nor know where it mayn't be hid; Solon might take lessons From a chit that you have chid: And you'll own up, if you're honest, That at many times in life You've missed it when you wouldn't If you'd listened to your wife;



It They Were Men. I should be either a doctor or a sol-dier. The courage that belongs to them makes these two the grandest professions in the world. True, they contradict each other; one kills and the other cures, yet both are noble. I should not be in laste to marry. It is the one step in life that makes or mars, and to escape from it but two gates are open—death and degrace. I should consider thirty a good age for matri-mony. Before that a man is a mere boy; after that, for the next twenty years, he is at his best, if there is a best in him. At lifty, if unmarried, he must be regarded as a confirmed old bachelo and had better remain so! I should cultivate the society of women of the Fashionable women, women of good character and form whatever has been or may be said against them, have a refining influence. They subdue the moral odor of the stable and help to

THE DUCHESS. FROM THE GALLANT CUSTER'S WIDOW, If I were a man, there is one thing I

check the growing inclination to irre-

should especially look to.

I would tell my wife something every day, not only by look or act, but in plain Saxon that would convey to her a daily remembrance of the love that

was hers.

If my wife came to ask me if I loved her, I would not say: "Haven't I told you so dozens of times. Didn't I prove that I did by marrying you?"

There are just three little words that only take a fraction of a minute to say, and while a man is in the wild-

can be said while a man is in the wild est sort of a hurry to catch a suburban train, rush to a belated appointment, or tear out of the house to catch a passing car, which will brighten the wife's whole day, soften sorrow, lessen care and make her eager to run to the door at night to welcome her husband, and tell the same thing back to him again. No deaf man is quicker to discover what words the lips frame than a dependant woman who sees "I love you" pro-claimed from her husband's mouth in

ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER,

How to tell a Well-Bred Girl Do you know many well-bred girls? The they can always be told. A well-bred girl thanks the man who gives her a seat in the street-car, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive

way. She doesn't turn round to look after gamblers or posing actors on the street, and she doesn't think that her good looks are causing the men to stare at her

the daytime, and she understands that diamond rings, ear-rings and bracelets were intended for the evening alone, She doesn't go to supper after the theater alone with a man.

She does not declare that she never rides in street cars.
She does not accept a valuable presfrom any man unless she expects

marry him.
She doesn't talk loud in public places. She doesn't shove or push to get the best seat, and she doesn't wonder why in the world people carry children in the cars, and why they permit them to

She does not speak of her mother a sarcastic way, and she shows her the loving deference that is her due. She doesn't want to be a man, and she doesn't try to imitate him by wearing

stiff hats, smoking cigarettes, and using an occasional big, big D. She doesn't say she hates women, and she has some good true friends among

them.
She doesn't wear boots without their

She doesn't wear boots without their buttons or a frock that needs mending. She doesn't scorn the use of the needle, and expects some day to make clothes for very little people who will be very dear to her.

That's the well-bred girl; she's the sort that you want for your wife, and the one who will not run into the D. C., but who will be faithful through sickness and through health, through sorrow, and if need be, through shame who will never waver in her love, and in whom the heart of her husband may safely trust.

Two bright girls were discussing to ast year's schooling in my hearing yening, and of course my interest

our French teacher, Mademoisslie R—"
gushed the brighter and fairer of the
twain. "We used to arrange a program before the lesson and write
it out and give a copy to all
the girls, It would say, for instance: 'At 10:35 drop your Moral Philosophy on the floor.' The Moral
Philosophy, you know, was the biggest
book we had, and the girls would all
get ready, and at exactly 10:35 bang!
would go every girl's book on the floor
—by accident, of course. The teacher
was mad, of course, but what could she
say! Then we all used to cough at
once, sneeze at once and blow our noses
at once. Some of us got sent out of at once. Some of us got sent out of the room sometimes, but we didn't mind that. Oh, my, yes, and there was Emma B—, that awful saucy thing; you re-member her? Weil, she always boasted that she would never take a dare. One day she brought a base ball to school with her and we dared her to throw it at the door of the book-case, just about three feet from where Mademoiselle was sitting. 'Dare?' said she, 'dare nothing!' made an awful whack, and scare made an awful whack, and scared Mademoiselle half out of her wits. She ordered Emma to leave the room and she wouldn't go. She said she'd stop the lesson if she didn't, and Emma said all right, to stop it. The poor teacher then went after the principal and told him and he came and talked to Emma real stern, but he had to laugh himself a little bit. O my, but it was fun—"." Here the fair creature stopped for Here the fair creature stopped for breath and I took occasion to wonder whether poor "Mademoiselle" is living yet.—Chicago Journal.

### Chilcat Women of Alaska.

The civilized woman when she wants to be wooed attempts to make herself as attractive as possible. So does the Chilcat woman, but she has a different idea of what is attractiveness, One evening, after all the fishing came in. I saw a young squaw, rober from head to foot in a deep red blanket sitting stolidly on the end of a great spruce log a few rods away from the cannery and a short distance from where the fishing canoes were moored, and where the fires of the Chilcat fisher-men had been lighted. When, out of curiosity at her singular costume and posi-tion, I approached her, and found that she had blackened her face until it was blacker than that of the ordinary negro minstrel.

There was not a trace of her native duskiness, but the artificial black shown as if it were composed and put on from an article of good French blacking. In addition to that a long silver pin was stuck in her under lip and extended out from the chin a couple of inches, while a heavy silver ring hung from her noslets adorned her wrists. She was simply a bell of the woods and of Chileat Inlet, endeavoring to make known to the young bucks around that she was in the matrimonial market, according to native custom here. After sitting for and hour or more and not attracting any more attention than that prompted by my own curiosity, she left her twi-light wooing place, shook out the folds of her red blanket, and walked with an air of indifference to an old tent on the beach, which appeared to be her babitation, and disappeared.

## How Some Girls Walk.

Why is it you young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with head pitched forward, hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffling the walk, and altogether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of America's lovely daughters, charming in all else. verence in ordinary conversation that even decent men are prone to in this present generation. I should make it a perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one walks with a jerk, her feet and lower part of her body having started on int not to scold my servants. One with her head to see which will should never deprive the woman he has get there first. The consequence is for married of the chief joy of her exist-ence! If I were a man I should count myself blessed indeed. But Providence every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk. Her sister follows, twitching un-

from one foot to the other like a sailor in mid-ocean, only he has some excuse and she has not. The arms usually fol low, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, bent back, head forward and feet trying to catch up. Not one with the firm, graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms and hands to be acquired by sufficient determination to present a dignified carriage. When will portment be taught in our schools? Kingston Freeman.



A Young Ladies' Beret.

Probably the best time for the average civilized women to marry, would be any age between 24 and 36. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages, but or later than either of these ages, but youth and health and vigor are ordinar-ily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble and the character is unformed. The consideration which would prompt a girl to marry at 17 would, in many cases, have little weight with her at 24. At 17 she is a child, at 24 a woman. Where a girl has in-telligent parents the seven years before 17 and 24 are the period where mind and body are most amendable to wise discipline and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development.—The Hospital.

Cracks in Pretty Women's Line Farly in the autumn the winds cause fissures or cracks in the lips that are not only extremely unpleasant to look upon but are exquisitely painful, and by touching them with your tougue you intensify the pain very much. Go to the drug store and get there an old remedy, so old that it has the cherm of novelty. so old that it has the charm of novelty. It rejoices in an overpowering Latin name, but when you ask the druggist for it in English say you want citron cream; apply this with your fingers or a soft linen cloth, and the cooling and healing result that will follow will convince you that even in medicine sometimes old things are best.—New York Sun.

# NOT MOVED BY FIRE

Dr. Talmage on the Burning of Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Destruction of the Great Church Does Not Mean that His Work in Saving Souls is Ended-He will Go Right Forward.

The burning of Brooklyn Tabernacle left the vast congregation of Rev. T. De witt Taimage without a house for the moment, but the Academy of Music was thrown open for them on Sunday, and the pastor spoke to an audience of vast size. It is sublect was "The Baptism of Fire," and he took as his text Acts xx, 24, "None of these things move me." He said:

But, Paul, have you not enough affliction

to move you! Are you not an exile from your native land! With the most genial and loving nature, have you not, in order to be free for missionary journeys, given yourself to celibacy! Have you not turned away from the magnificest worldly suc-cesses that would have crowned your illus-trious genius! Have you not endured the sharp and stinging neuralgias, like a thorn in the flesh! liave you not been mobbed on the land, and shipwrecked on the sea; the sanhedrim against you, the Roman government against you, all the world and

government spainst you!
all hell against you!
"What of that!" says Paul. "None of
"What of that!" says Paul. "None of these things move me!" It was not because he was a hard nature. Gentlest woman was never more easily dissolved into tears. He could not even bear to see anybody cry, for in the midst of his sermon when he saw some one weeping her sobs aloud, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart! for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." What then did Paul mean when he said, "None of these things move me!" He meant, "I will not be diverted from the work to which I have been called by any and all the adversities and calami

I think this morning I express not my own feelings but that of every man, woman and little child belonging to Brooklyn Tabernacie, or that was converted there, when I look toward the blackened ruins of the dear and consecrated spot and with an aroused faith in a loving God, cry out: "None of these things move me."

\heartimes her I say that, I do not mean that we

have no feeling about it. Instead of standing here to day in this brilliant auditorium. It would be more consonant with my feet-ings to sit down among the ruins and weep at the words of David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her Why, let me say to the strangers here to-day in explanation of the deep emotion of my flock, we had there in that build ing sixteen years of religious revival. I be-lieve that a hundred thousard souls were born there. They came from all parts of the earth and we shall never see them again until the books are opened. Why, sirs! our children were there baptised, and at those altars our young men and maiden took the marriage vow, and out of those gates we carried our dead. When from the roof of my house last Sunday morning at o'clock I saw our church in flames, I said : "That is the last of the building from which we buried our De Witt on that cold December day when it seemed Brooklyn wept with my househo household. give up your loved ones as for us to give up ours. by, like the beautiful vines that still cover some of the fallen walls, our affections are clambering all over the ruins, and I could kiss the ashes that mark the place where it once stood. Why, now that I think of it, I cannot think of it as an inanimate pile, but as a soul, a mighty soul, an indestructible soul. I am sure that majestic organ had a soul, for we have often heard it speak and sing and shout and wall, and when the soul of that organ entered heaven I think Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and Beethoven were at the gates to welcome it. So I do not use the words of my text in a heartless way, but in the sense that we must not and will not be diverted from our befallen us. We will not turn aside one inch from our determination to do all we

None of these things move you

mean that my work in Brooklyn is ended! Does this terminate my association with this city, where I have been more than twenty years glad in all its prosperities, and sad in all its misfortunes? And a still small voice came to me, a voice that is no longer still or small but most emphatic and com-manding, through pressure of hand, and newspaper column, and telegram and letter and contributions saying: "Go forward!"

I have made and I now make appeal to all Christendom to help us. We want all Christendom to help, and I will acknowl-edge the receipt of every contribution, great or small, with my own hand. We want to build larger and better. We want it a na-tional church, in which people of all creeds and all nations find a home. The contributions already sent in make a small hearted church forever impossible. Would not I be church forever impossible. Would not 1 be a sorry spectacle for angels and men if, in a church built by Israelites and Catholics, as well as all the styles of people com monly called evangelical, I should in-stead of the banner of the Lord God Almighty, raise a fluttering rag of small sectarianism! If we had three hundred thousand dollars we would put them all in one great monument to the mercy of God. People ask on all sides about what we shall build. I answer, it all depends on the contributions sent in from here and from the ends of the earth, I say now to all the Baptists, that we shall have in it a baptistry. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services as heretofore at our communion table portions of the Liturgy. I say to the Catholics we shall have a cross over the pulpit and probably on the tower. I say to the Methodists, we mean to sing there like the voices of mighty thunderings. I say to all denominations, we mean to preach religion as wide as heaven and as good as God. We have said we had a total loss But there was one exception. The only things we saved were the sliver communion chalices, for they happened to be in another building, and I take that fact as typical that

we are to be in communion with all Chris-tendom. "I believe in the communion of saints!" I think, if all the Brooklyn firemen and all insurance companies should search among those ruins on Schermerhorn street, among those ruins on Schermerhorn street, they would not find a splinter large as the tip end of the little fluger marked with bigotry. And as it is said that the exhum-ed bricks of the walls of Babylon have on them the letter N, standing for Nebuchad them the letter N, standing for Nebuchad-nezzar, I declare to you that if we ever get a new church the letter we should like to have on every stone and every timber would be the letter C, for that would stand both for Christ and for Catholicity. The last two words I uttered in the old church on Friday night, some of you may remem-ben, were "Hallelujah! Amen!"

The two words that I utter now as most

expressive of my feelings in this our first service after the Haptism of Fire, are Hal lelujah! Amen! "None of these things

We are kept in this mood by two or three considerations. The first is, that God rules. In what way the church took fire I do not know. It has been charged on the lightnings. Well, the Lord controls the lightnings. He managed them several thousand years before our electricians were born. The Bible indicates that, though they fissh down the sky rucklessly. God builds for them a road to travel. In the Pealms it is said: "He made a way for the lightning and the thunder." It there close the time of Benjamin Franklin is the world has been trying to tame the status of the control of the lightnings, and they appear to the lightnings. We are kept in this mood by two or three

great natural forces. God can and does, and that God is our Father and best Friend.

nd this thought gives us confidence. We are also reinforced by the increase consolation that comes from confrateratty of sorrow. The people who, during the the sisle, whose faces were familiar to you, tut to whom you had never spoken-you greeted them this week with suites and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry. and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for years around the same church fireside and not have sym pathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like these people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor and want to disembark at the same wharf.

If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a con-glomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery; and when this church sorrow started it thrilled through the whol man and the youngest child could join hand in this misfortune. Grandfather said, "I expected from those altars to be buried;" nd one of the children last Sabbath cried 'Grandpa, that place was next to our house. Yea, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ.

That is used to the fire. On the dark da. when Jesus died, the lightning struck i from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it re expect to make the rest of our pil-rimage. Within sight of such a sacgrimage. ridee, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him! Jesus lives! The loving patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whol church was forsaken by the Lord when

hundred feet wide.

O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink! Oh, no. Jesus! we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what has thou put into the cup to sweeten it! Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come now, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhiparation that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation 'Victory! Victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

# Your hards, ye trembling saluts,

Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love divine lift every string awake. We are also re-enforced by the catholicity that I have already referred to. We are the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Saboath morning at 9 o'clock we had but one church; now we have about thirty, all at our dis posal. Their pastors and their trustees say "You may take our main audience rooms, you may take our lecture rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptise in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxiou seats." Oh! if there be any larger hearte ministers or larger heavted churches any where than in Brooklyn, tell me where the are, that I may go and see them before die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger outs straw like an ox work by the appalling disasters which have ing through that great fire on Schersure the swords would have melted, and can for the present and everlasting happi- they who wellded them would have learned ness of all the people whom we may be war no more. I can never say a word able to meet. "None of these things move against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have be When I looked out through the dismal tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have rain from the roof of my house and saw the church crumbling brack by brick and timtried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes ber by timber, I said to myself: Does this a fire, or something else, and all is gone The angels of God shake out on this air "Glory to God in the blenest, and on eart) peace, good will toward men." I do not know but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all denominations in one organization, distinguished only by the locality as in apostolic times. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessale Church of Antioch, and the Church of Landicea. So I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simply a distinction of locality, and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charles ton, the Church of Madras, the Church of

Constantinople, the Church of America. My dear brothren, we cannot afford to b severaly divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder! one commander! one triumph!

The trumpet gives a martia strain
O is sail; gird three for the main;
Arise, the combat to maintain;
A is and in thy fres to flight. We also feel reinforced by, the thought that we are on the way to a heaven that can nover burn down. Fires may sweep through other cities—but I am glad to know sweep that the New Jerusalem is fireproof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that Church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. Oh, my dear brother and sister! If this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying! I have felt a good many times this last week like Father long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped and "Brethren, I have lost the nomina tive of this sentence, and things are gener-ally mixed up, but I am bound for the king

And during this last week, when I saw he rushing to and fro and the excitement, the rusning to and treat and the excitement, I said to myself, "I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow." I do not want to go just yet. I want to be a pastor of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I may be persuaded to me altitle acciler. To the acciler. to go a little earlier—for instance, at eighty two or eighty-three; but I really think that if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies.

Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart sele. They tell me that we have a least sele.

heart ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me that our friends who have left us me that our friends who have left us and gone there, their feet are radient as the sun, and that they take hold of the hand of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me there is no winter there, and that they nover get hungry or cold, and that the anways wales through the seem

never get hungry or cold, and that the sew-ing girl never wades through the snow bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day. Hee that light in the window. I wonder who set it there. "Oh!" you say, "my father that went into glory must have set that light in the window." No, guess

again. "My mother who died fifteen ye ago in Jesus, I think must have set light there." No: guess again. You say. put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window. No; guess again. Jesus set it there; and he will keep it burnset it there; and he will keep it burning until the day we put our finger
on the latch of the door and go in to be at
home forever. Oh! when my sight gets
black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet
ointment. When in the last weariness I
cannot take another step, just help me put
my foot on that doorsill. When my ear
catches no more the voices of wife and
called lat me on right in to have my deafchild, let me go right in, to have my deaf-ness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the

inthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and the plains, and the mountains and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill top. Oh, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle the last day, that are already kin there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacie rebuilt. You say, "Will it be!" You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morns well ask me if the sun will rise to-mor-row morning, or if the next spring will put-garlands on its head. You and I may not do it—you and I may not live to see it; but the Church of God doos not stand on two legs nor on a thousand legs. How did the Israelites get through the Red seaf I suppose somebody may have come and said. "There is no need of trying; you will get your feet wet; you will spoil

you will get your feet wet; you will spoil
your clothes; you will drown yourselves.
Wheever heard of getting through such as
sea as that? How did they get through
it! Did they go back! No. Did they go
to the right! No. Did they go to the lefts No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty; and that is the way we mean to get through Red sea. By going forward, But says some one: "If we should build a larger

church, would you be able with your voice to fill it!" Why, I have been wearing my-self out for the last sixteen years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of heaven.
Forward! We have to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making re-treat impossible. Throw away your knap-sack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever

on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amidst the moun-tains. But I am not afraid to lead you have some dollars; they are at your dispos-al. I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Come on, then. I

Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan roally did burn that Tabernacle down, as some say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

Good by, old Tabernacle. I put my fingers to my lip and throw a kiss to the de parted church. In the last day, may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-by, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they flet away into the skies! Good-by, Brooklyn Tabernace of 1873! But welcome our new church. (I see it as plainly as though it were already built!) Your gates wider, your songs more triumphant, your ingather-ings more glorious. Hise out of the ashes and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyu Tapernacle of 1890!

# He Never Got Used to Battles.

Col. James M. Thompson gave his opinion as follows: "The quality of courage in battle I regard as being to a large extent a physical attribute. have heard a good deal of talk about the nonchalence of men in action, and their ease and composure after the first gun was fired, but I never took much stock in it. I went through the war in the army, and it was my fortune to be in a portion of the service in Virginia where there was a good deal of hard lighting to do, and there wasn't any reditable way to get out of it, either I saw service in twenty-eight battles, and I can freely saw that I for one never got 'used to it.' I never went fight without an all-prevaling into a sense of danger, and always glad when it was over. Of course moral courage, high patriotism, and the military spir kept the majority of men right up to the mark, but there were notable instances of men whose physical natures simply failed to respond when called on. They could not possibly go into a fight. A clear head and a full conception of the enormous consequences of coward-ice to themselves failed to spur them to the staving point, and on the first whiz of a bullet their signals of distress

were visible to all in sight.
"A well-known New York colonel, a perfect gentleman and scholar, a patriot, and a really noble fellow, was so weak in point of courage, and his hu-miliation so great at really being afraid Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a to face danger, that he was forced to retire from the army, went to Wash-ington pined away, and died in a few weeks. I knew another prominent of-ficer whose friends, out of considera-tion for his well-known failing, used to manage, on one pretext or a to keep him out of engagements, and thus shield him from exposure. like that are to be pitied, not blamed. They want to fight, but their bodies actually refuse to do their will."-Globe Democrat.

#### The Smoking Compartment. A crusade against the smoking com-

partment of sleeping cars has, it is asserted, been inaugurated by Mrs. Frances Willard, the eloquent temperance reformer. In an interview with Mr. George M. Pullman, this energetic lady argued that the smoking rooms should be abolished and special cars provided for users of the weed, declar-ing that under the present arrangement the smoke is blown into the body of the curs, to the disgust of the female pants. It is to be admitted that if the odor of stale tobacco smoke invaded a sleeping car it would not be agreeable sleeping car it would not be agreeable to most people, but the smooking rooms of the modern sleepers are so thoroughly divided off that it takes a very critical nose in any other part of the car to know that the combustion of tobacco is going on, and it is rare that the most fastidious traveler has any complaint to make on that score.—Hallway age.

Marriage is a feast where the grace

## FAMOUS ENGLISH TRAMPS.

Some of the Great Men Who Have Walked a Great Deal.

It is calculated that Wordsworth, in his many years of sauntering, must have traveled a distance of 180,000 miles, says the Youth's Companion. What sights he saw during such prolonged and delightful wanderings only those who have the poet's mind and eye can even guess.

Charles Dickens was a confirmed tramp, and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds and odd characters, such as frequent town and country lanes and highways.

One of the most remarkable of unprofessional walkers was Prof. Wilson, the "Christopher North" of literature. His fine physique and great endurance prompted him to the performance of wonderful feats, which seemed to him entirely a matter of course. He once walked forty miles in eight hours, and at another time walked from Liverpool to Elleray in twenty-four hours, a distance of eighty miles. It is good to think of the long, unwearied strides with which he spun along, his blood bounding with healthy pulses, and sending invigorating waves to the active

brain. Henry Fawcett also was a tircless walker, and one who when deprived of sight did not for a moment think of relinquishing this among many forms of exercise. His was a familiar figure on the roads about Cambridge, and there is no exaggeration in saying that few men blessed with all their seases could enjoy nature more thoroughly

than he. Southey, worn and preyed upon by mental application and the practical anxieties of every day life, found his greatest relief in tramping about the country, listening to what nature had to tell him and learning contentment from her stability. John Stewart Mill delighted in pedestrian tours, and Charles Lamb, though he loved town better than country, was one who believed in sweeping cobwebs from the brain by brisk and continuous walking.

#### The Wheel of Fortune.

Life in the metropolis is a large kaleidoscope, fuil of startling changes, was riding on a Third avenue car yesterday when a poor pencil peddier was helped to a seat. I soon observed that he was quite blind in one eve and that the other was affected. He tendered the conductor three pencils instend of a fare and the latter, after some hesitation, generously said: "Keep them: I'll pay your fare myself." Half a dozen passengers at once offered to pay for him, but the conductor refused, and rang up the fare. The peddler was an intelligent fellow. "Sixteen years ago." said he, "I was in business. I had two liquor stores; one near the Grand Opera House on Sixth avenue, and another on the east side. I paid \$187.50 a month rent. Over the store was a suite of rooms-a very plain suite, too-occupied by a Mr. Grant, the father of Hugh J. Grant. Hugh was a student at St. Francis Xavier College then, and his father, although we'll off, was far from wealthy. I could draw my check for \$20,000. I had a fail and dislocation; business grew bad; my sight began to fail, and, to make a long story short, here I am at 43 years of age forced to peddle pencils for a living, while the young lad who used to come to the rooms over my store is the Mayor of New York. But I have had my share of the good things of life, and I've seen the best there is in it. There was a time when I seldom missed a merrymaking; and I was in demand among the politicians, too; for there were few of them who didn't know Jim McCue. Now they have all forgotten me. Well, we must all hand in our checks some time. I suppose, and I'm willing, whenever the good Lord

### is ready."-New York Graphic. \$15,000 FOR \$1.

How A One-Armed Lousianian is Followed by His Lucky Star.

Joe L. Poncaire is well known in the upper coast country throughout St. John the Baptist, where his parents reside; the city of Baton Rouge where he is known about town as one of the liveliest occasional visitors to the capital city, and throughout the parish of West Baton Rouge, where he has been engaged as an overseer of rice and sugar plantations for the past ten years. Everybody knows Joe and he is unusually popular at his home, Rosedale station, on the Texas and Pacific Rail-

When quite a lad Joe was unfortunate in getting his left arm caught in a fly wheel of a sugar house and the limb nad to be amputated. Such an accident would have kept in the back ground many a person of less daring and vim than is possessed by Jos. Instead of hindering Joe in the battle of life his lucky star seemed to have dawned from that time. He was given work by Mr. J. M. Holloway, a well-to-do and prominent planter of West Baton Rouge, and in a few years Joe was worth fully \$10,000, made by close application to

Last Sunday "Colonel" Poncaire, as the boys now call him, proposed to Mr. Philip Lacoste, a clerk in J. E. Bargas' country store at Rosedale, to "go in with him and strike The Louisiana State Lottery Company."

Money was given to his friend and patron, Mr. Holloway, to buy a onetwentieth ticket in Tuesday's drawing, and he went to Baton Rouge where h purchased ticket No. 8,174, which proved to be the winning ticket.

The whole party, consisting of Mesars Poncaire, Lacoste, Holloway, and Bar-gas, came down to New Orleans to preent the ticket at the office of the lottery company last Thursday, and a check for \$15,000 on the New Orleans Mational Bank was promptly paid to Colonel Poncaire, who gave his partner \$7,500 and after depositing \$0,000 in the Canal Bank, left on the evening train for a visit to his father in St. John, with \$1,000 in cash as a present to the old gentleman.—New Orleans (La.) Plonyune,